

WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

OUR COUNTRY, LIBERTY, AND GOD.

ALFRED L. PRICE
AND
DAVID FULTON

VOL. 1.

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NO. 27.

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EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

TERMS

WILMINGTON JOURNAL:
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ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted at one dollar per square of 16 lines or less, for the first, and twenty-five cents for each succeeding insertion. 25 per cent will be deducted from an advertising bill when it amounts to thirty dollars in any one year. Yearly standing advertisements will be inserted at \$10 per square. All legal advertisements charged 25 per cent higher.

If the number of insertions are not marked on the advertisement, they will be continued until ordered out, and charged for accordingly.

Letters to the proprietors on business connected with this establishment, must be post paid. OFFICE on the south-east corner of Front and Princess streets, opposite the Bank of the State.

A. L. PRICE, Printer.

BOOKS

Neatly executed and with despatch, on liberal terms for cash, at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

ORTHOGRAHY, OR THE ART OF WRITING IN HATS AND CAPS.
By GEORGE W. DAVIS, JUNIOR, & F. W. DAVIS, JUNIOR.
LONDON: W. H. & A. CO., 1844.

WILLIAM COOKE,
Receiving and Forwarding Agent,
AND
General Commission Merchant,
Next door North of the New Custom-house,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

GILLESPIE & ROBESON,
AGENTS
For the sale of Timber, Lumber, and all other kinds of Produce.
Sept. 21, 1844.

JOHN G. HANCOCK,
Assistant & Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Liberal advances made on shipments to his friends in New York.
September 21, 1844.

WM. SHAW,
Wholesale & Retail Druggist,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

JOHN HALL,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Second brick building on Water, South of Mulberry Street,—up stairs.

JUST RECEIVED,
Per Sch. J. D. JONES,
PLOUGH, No. 10 & 11,
20 Boxes and Mouldboards,
10 do. John Ender's Tobacco,
20 Bbls. Canal Flour,
20 Half do do.

For sale by JAS. I. BRYAN,
Feb'y 7th, 1845.—[21-4]

LIST OF BLANKS
ON HAND, and for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

County and Sup. Court Writs
do do Subpoenas
do do Fi. Fas.
County Court Scire Facias
Apprentices' Indentures
Letters of Administrators
Jury's Tickets
Peace warrants
Constable's bonds
Notes of hand
Checks, Cape Fear Bank
do Branch Bank of the State
Notes, negotiable at bank
Inspector's Certificates
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Shipping Papers

Any blank wanted and not on hand will be printed with the utmost despatch.

Officers of the Courts and other officers, and all other persons, requiring blanks, or any other work in the printing line would do well to give us a call, or send in their orders. We are determined to execute our work well, and at the cheapest rates for cash. Call at the JOURNAL OFFICE, S. E. cor. Princess & Front-sts., One door above the Hanover House.

Taken Up,
AND committed to the Jail of Bladen county, about the 10th of January last, a negro man, who says his name is *Dubin*. Said negro, is about 5 feet 8 or 10 inches high, and about 22 years old. He says he belongs to some one in Alabama. He was sold by Duncan Lewis, Esq., of Bladen county, N. C., to his present owner. The owner of said boy, is hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take him away, or he will be dealt with as the law requires.

G. W. MELVIN, Sd'g.
Feb'y 7, 1845 21-6t

LOST.
On the 3d of Jan'y last, a valuable CLOTH CLOAK, was carried off on the train from Wilmington, Mr. John S. Richards will act as my authorized agent. WM. COOKE.
Feb'y 18, 1845.—[23]

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12 COPIES TO CLUBS FOR \$30.
THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE FOR 1845.

EDITED BY JOHN INMAN & ROBERT A. WEST.
Prospectus for the Second Year.

At the close of this second volume, the Magazine having been commenced on the first of January, 1844, the publisher finds himself irresistibly called on to express the satisfaction and gratitude with which he has been filled by the brilliant and unexampled success that has attended his endeavors to win the public favor. Notwithstanding the difficulties, disappointments and vexations that almost invariably follow the establishment of a new periodical, in the production of which there must be the harmonious co-operation of many head and many hands—notwithstanding occasionally short-comings, especially in the pictorial department, which no care or diligence could avert and no expenditure prevent, the *Columbian Magazine* has gone on steadily increasing in support and popularity from the opening number, and if the unthought unsolicited testimony of the press may be received as unwaveringly partial and unbiassed by friendship, the efforts of contributors and editor have been satisfactory to the public and accepted as fulfilling the promises made for them at the commencement of the enterprise.

The publisher undertook the work with a firm conviction that the great city of New York was the best and the true home for a magazine of general literature; that notwithstanding the failure of many previous attempts to establish such a work, there could be no impossibility of success with sufficient capital, perseverance and the right system of management both by publisher and editor; and that the result of the first year has proved that his judgment was correct.

It has long ceased to be necessary, or reasonable, that we should speak of the *Columbian* as an experiment. At all events, it is now an experiment substantially tried. We feel ourselves upon as firm a basis as any similar journal in the world. Our principal care now regard not so much the securing what ground we have gained (for we consider this sufficiently secure) as the extension of our sphere of action and utility—not so much, even, the mere enlargement of our subscription list, as the most suitable modes of catering for the amusement (and shall we say occasionally for the profit) of our subscribers in the present and in the future—the many whom we have, and the many more we shall undoubtedly have as time rolls on.

We have made arrangements which will enable us to present our friends with embellishments of very superior taste, style and finish. In this respect it is our firm purpose, if possible, to outvie all competition. Our music and engravings, we confidently believe, will not be equalled—very certainly they shall not be surpassed in real merit by those of any other magazine. We propose to give each month two or more superb engravings, independently of two pages of music, by the most eminent composers, and a plate of *authentic* fashions.

Regarding the literary and editorial conduct of the *Columbian*, the publisher does not feel called upon to say more than a very few words. The general management of this department is, as heretofore, entrusted to a gentleman possessing every qualification for the task, and who has given abundant evidence, not only of the highest ability to put forth a meritorious magazine, but of the ability to put forth a magazine exactly adapted to the tastes of our readers. The publisher, therefore, has every confidence that what has already been done for the literary value of the journal will be done again. We are perfectly willing that our future in this respect shall be estimated by our past. The subjoined list of those who have furnished articles for the *Columbian* during the by gone year will satisfy, we feel assured, the most fastidious that we are resolute to spare in no particular neither exertion or expense.

Mr. L. H. Sigourney H. P. Grattan
Mrs. Kirkland 'The author of the "Widow of Bruges"
Mrs. A. Stephens
Mrs. F. O. Smith
Mrs. A. C. Mowatt
Mrs. E. Elliot
Mrs. J. Patterson
Mrs. J. G. Brooks
Mrs. J. Hull
Mrs. M. P. Hunt
Mrs. H. Lightthipe
Mrs. C. H. Butler
Mrs. E. C. Embury
Mrs. Cary
Mrs. E. R. Steele
Miss M. A. Erving
Miss M. L. Lawson
Miss Colman
Miss Isabel Jocelyn
Miss M. Russell
Miss Emily E. Chubbuck
Miss L. M. Baumer
Miss H. M. Quincy
Author of "Summer Frolics"
J. K. Paulding
Wm. C. Bryant
Fitz G. Halleck
A. Poe
John Neal
Henry W. Herbert
H. H. Weld
Park Benjamin
Wm. Cox
Geo. W. Kendall
H. S. Schoolcraft
T. S. Arthur

With the aid of these contributors, (of whom it is needless to say one word in the way of commendation,) and of numerous others perhaps equally meritorious if less celebrated, who have promised us their support, we flatter ourselves that, as a literary work, the *Columbian* need be under no apprehension of being excelled.

But what we have done is already before the public, who will not fail to judge us with impartiality and in respect to what we intend to do, it will be both wiser and more becoming (although less fashionable) not to boast. We may be permitted to assure our friends in brief however, that we have matured numerous plans (for the third volume) with which we feel confident they will be pleased. It is our purpose to put forth every energy; and it will be no fault of our own if the *Columbian* shall not be found at least equal to any magazine, of any class or price, in America.

DEALERS IN FERTILIZERS throughout the United States and the Canadas, who wish to become agents for the *Columbian Magazine* will please apply to the publisher immediately. The usual discount will be made to them.

Terms of the Columbian Magazine.
One copy one year in advance, \$3
One copy two years, 5
Two copies one year, 5
Five do do 10
Eight do do 15
Eleve do do 20
Address ISRAEL POST,
8 Astor House, N. Y.

Don't I Look Pale?
Or the Iron God.

Mr. Slick having boasted of the high society he mingled with and talked with the most absurd familiarity, of several distinguished persons, very much to the delight of his father, and the annoyance of Mr. Hopewell, the latter at last interrupted him, with some very judicious advice. He told him he had observed the change that had come over him lately with very great regret; that he was altogether in a false position and acting an unnatural and absurd part.

'As a Republican,' he said, 'it is expected that you should have the simplicity and frankness of manner becoming one, and that your dress should not be that of a courtier, but in keeping with your character. It is well known here that you were not educated at one of our universities, or trained to official life, and that you have risen to it like many others of our countrymen, by strong natural talent. To assume therefore, the air and dress of man of fashion is quite absurd, and if persisted in, will render you perfectly ridiculous. Any little errors you may make in the modes of life will always be passed over in silence so long as you are natural; but the moment they are accompanied by affectation, they become targets for the shafts of satire.'

'A little artificial manner may be tolerated in a very pretty woman, because great allowance is to be made for female vanity; but in a man it is altogether insupportable. Let your conversation therefore be natural, and as to the fashion of your dress, take the good old rule—'

'Be not the first by whom the new is tried, Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.'

In short, he said, Minister, said Mr. Slick, 'I have too much to do for that. I shall keep the channel and avoid the bars and shallows. I know, I never boast at all. Brag is a good dog, but hold-fast is a better one. I never talk of society I never was in, nor never saw but once, and that by accident. I have too much sense for that; but I am acutely in the first circles here quite at home in 'em, and in speaking of 'em. I am only talking of folks I meet every day, see every day, and jaw with every day. I am part and parcel of 'em. Now risin' sudden here aint a bit stranger than men risin' with us. It's done every day, for the door is wide open here, the English aint doomed to stand and vegetate like cabbages, can tell you it's only colonists like Squire there, that are forced to do that. Why, they'll tell you of a noble whose grandfather was this, and another whose grandfather was that small beer; of one who was sired by a man that was born in our old Boston, and another whose great grandfather was a farmer on Kennebec river, and if the family had remained colonists would have been snakin' logs with an ox-team to the Bangor mills, instead of being a minister for all the colonies, as he was not long ago. No, catch me a crackin' and a braggin' for nothin', and then tell me of it. I'm not a goin' to ask every feller I meet, "Don't I look pale?" like Solomon Figg, the tailor to St. John, New Brunswick—him they called the "Iron God."

'Oh, oh, Sam!' said Mr. Hopewell, lifting up both hands, 'that was very profane don't tell the story if there's any impropriety in it, any flippancy, any thing in short, at all unbecomingly. That is not a word to be used in vain.'

'Oh, never fear, Minister, there is nothing in the story to shock you, if there was, I'm not the boy to tell it to any one, much less to you sir.'

'Very well, very well, tell the story, then, if it's harmless, but leave that word out when you can, that's a good rule!'

'Solomon Figg was the critter that give rise to that sayin' all over New Brunswick & Nova Scotia, "Don't I look pale?" and I calculate it never will die there. Whenever they see an important feller a-struttin' of it by, in a top dress, tryin' to do a bit of fine, or hear a critter braggin' of great men's acquaintance, they just puts their finger to their noses, gives a wink to one another, and say, "Don't I look pale?" Oh! it's grand! But I believe I'll begin at the beginnin', and just tell you both stories about Solomon Figg.'

'Solomon was a tailor, whose tongue ran as fast as his needle, and for sewin' and takin' perhaps there wasn't his equal to be found nowhere. His shop was a great rendezvous for folks to talk politics in, and Solomon was an out and out Radical. They are ungrateful skunks are English Radicals, and ingratitude shows a bad heart; and in my opinion to say a feller's a Radical, is as much as to say he's everything that's bad. I'll tell what's observed all over England, that them that make a fortune out of gentlemen, as soon as they shut up shop, turn round, and become Radicals and oppose them. Radicalsism is like that Dutch word Spitzbuck. It's every thing bad biled down to an essence. Well, Solomon was a Radical—he was agin the Church, because he had no say in the appointment of the parsons, and they took fees from him when they sued him. He was agin judges 'cause they rode their circuits and didn't walk. He was agin the governor 'cause the governor didn't ask him to dine. He was agin the admiral 'cause pursers had ready made clothing for sailors, and didn't buy them at his shop. He was agin the army 'cause his wife ran off with a soldier—the only good reason he ever had in his life in short, he was agin every thing and every body.'

'Well, Solomon's day came at last, for every dog has his day in this world. Responsible government came, things got turned upside down, and Solomon turned up and was made a magistrate of. Well, there was a Carolina refugee, one Captain Nestor Biggs, lived near him, an awful feller to swear, most of those refugees were so and he feared neither God nor man.'

'He was a sneezer of a sinner, was Captain Nestor, and always in law for ev'lastin'.' He spent his whole pension in Court, folks said. Nestor went to Solomon and told him to issue a writ agin a man. It was Solomon's first writ, so he said to himself, 'I'll write fast afore I sue; writin' is civil, and then I can charge for letter and writ too: and I'm always civil when I'm paid for it. Mother did right to call me Solomon, didn't she? Well, he wrote the letter, and the man that got it didn't know what under the sun to make of it. This was the letter—'

'Sir, if you do not return to Captain Nestor Biggs, the Iron God, his now in your possession, I shall sue you. Now in the word.'

Given under my hand, Solomon Figg, one of her most gracious Majesty's Justices of the Peace in and for the County of St. John.'

'Radicals are great hands for all the honors themselves, tho' they won't give none to others. Well,' said the man to himself, 'what on airth does this mean?' So off he goes to the church parson to read it for him.

'Dear me,' said he, 'this is awful; what is this? I by itself, I-r-o-n—Iron, G-o-d—God. Yes, it is Iron God!—Have you got such a graven image?'

'Me!' said the man, 'no; I never heard of such a thing.'

'Dear, dear,' said the parson, 'I always knew the Captain was a wicked man, a horrid wicked man, but I didn't think he was an idolater. I thought he was too sinful to worship anything, even an iron idol. What times we live in, let's go to the Captain.'

'Well, off they soto to the Captain, and when he heard of this graven image, he swore and raved—so the parson put a finger in each ear, and ran round the room, screamin' like a stuck pig. "I'll tell you what it is, old boy," said the Captain, a-tipten out some most awful smashes, "if you go on kickin' up such a row here, I'll stop your wind for you double-quick, so no mummery, if you please. Come along with me to that scoundrel, Solomon Figg, and I'll make him go down on his knees, and beg pardon. What the mischief does he mean by talkin' of iron idols, I want to know?'

'Well, they went into Solomon's house, and Solomon, who was sitting straddle-legs on a counter, a-sewin' away for dear life, jumped down in a minute, one shoe and coat, and shows 'em into his office, which was just opposite to his shop. "Read that, sir," said the Captain, lookin' as fierce as a tiger, "read that, you everlasting radical scoundrel! did you write that infamous letter?" Solomon takes it, and reads it all over, and then hands it back, lookin' as wise as an owl. "It's all right," said he, "Right," said the Captain, and caught him by the throat. "What do you mean by my Iron God, sir? what do you mean by that, you infernal libellin', rebel rascal?'

'I never said it,' said Solomon. 'No, you never said it, but you wrote it.' 'I never wrote it, no, nor I never heard of it.' 'Look at these words,' said the Captain, 'did you write them?' 'Well, well,' said Solomon, 'they do spell alike, too, don't they? they are the identical same letters, G-o-d; I have spelt it backwards, that's all; it's the iron god, Captain; you know what that is—don't you, Squire; it is an iron wedge sharpened at one end, and havin' a ring in it at 'other.' It's drove into the butt end of a log, and a chain is hooked to the ring, and the cattle drag the log end-ways by it on the ground, it's called an iron god.' Oh, how the Captain swore!

'Well,' said the Minister, 'never mind repeating his oath; he must have been an ignorant magistrate indeed, not to be able to spell dot.'

'He was a Radical magistrate of the Jack Frost school, sir,' said Mr. Slick. 'The Liberals have made magistrates to England not a bit better nor Solomon, I can tell you. Well, they always called him arter that the Iron God.'

'Never mind what they called him,' said Mr. Hopewell; 'but what is the story of looking pale, for there's a kind of something in that last one that I don't exactly like. There are words in it that shock me; if you could tell the story without them, it's not a bad story; tell us the other part.'

'Well, you know, as I was a-sayin', when responsible government came to the Colonies, it was like the Reform bill to England, stirrin' up the pot, and a-settin' all a-fermentin', set a good deal of seum a floatin' on the top of it. Among the rest, Solomon, being light and frothy, was about as buoyant as any. When the House of Assembly met to Frederickton, up goes Solomon, and writes his name on the book at Government House—Solomon Figg, J. P. Down comes the Sargent with a card, quick as wink, for the Governor's ball that night. Solomon wasn't a bad lookin' feller at all; and hein' a tailor, in course he had his clothes well made; and take him altogether, he was just a little nearer the notch than one half of the members was, for most on 'em was from the country, and looked a nation sight more like Caraboots than legislators; and the nobs about Frederickton always call them Caraboots.'

'Well, his tongue wagged about the limberest you ever see; his head was turned, so he talked to every one; and at supper he ate and drank as if he never seen vittals afore since he was vanned. He made a great night of it. Our Consul told me he thought he should have died a-lartin' to see him; he talked about the skirts of the country, and the fork of the river, and button-hole connections, and huns, and every thing but cabbageing. No man ever heard a tailor use that word any more, cause he'd over see a Jew eat pork. Oh! he had a regular lark of it, and his tongue ran like a mill-wheel, whirlin' and sputterin' like any thing. The officers of the regiment that was stationed there took him for a member of Assembly, and seel' he was a character, had him up to the mess to dine next day. "Solomon was as amazed as if he was just born. "Heavens and airth!" said he, "responsible government is a great thing, too, ain't it? Here am I to Government House with all the big bugs and their ladies, and upper crust folks, as free and easy as an old glove. To-day I dine with the officers of the regiment, the most aristocratic regiment we ever had in the Province. I wish my father had put me into the army; I'd rather wear a red coat than make one any time. One thing is certain, if responsible government lasts long, we shall all rise to be gentlemen, or else all gentlemen must come down to the level of tailors, and no mistake; one coat will fit both. Dinin' at a mess, eh? Well, why not? I can make as good a coat as Backmaster any day.'

'Well, Solomon was rather danted at first by the number of servants, and the blaze of uniform coats, and the horrid difficult cookery; but champagne strengthened his eyesight, for every one took wine with him, till he saw so clear he strained his eyes; for they grew weaker and weaker arter the right focus was passed, till he saw things double. Arter dinner they adjourned into the barrack-room of one of the officers, and there they had a game of "Here comes I, Jack upon hips."

'The youngsters put Solomon, who had a famous long back, jist at the right distance,

and then managed to jump jist so as to come right on him, and they all jumped on him, and down he'd smash with the weight, then they'd transfer him for not bein' game, place him up agin in line, jump on him, and smash him down agin till he could not hold out no longer. Then came hot whiskey toddy, and some screechin' songs; and Solomon sung, and the officers went into fits, for he sung such splendid songs; and then his health was drunk, and Solomon made a speech. He said, tho' he had a stitch in the side from laughin', and was sewed up a most too much to speak, and was afraid he'd rip out what he hadn't ought, yet their kindness had tied him as with list to them for the remnant of his life, and years would never sponge it out of his heart.'

'They roared and cheered him so, a kinder confound him, for he couldn't recollect nothin' arter that, nor how he got to the inn; but the waiter told him four soldiers carried him in on a shutter. Next day, off Solomon started in the steam boat for St. John. The officers had took him for a member of Assembly, and axed him jist to take a rise out of him. When they learned the mistake, and that it was ready-made Figg, the tailor, they had been makin' free with, they didn't think it was half so good a joke as it was afore; for they seed one half of the life was agin them, and only 'other half agin Solomon. They never tell the story now; but Solomon did and still does, like a favorite air with variations. As soon as he got back to St. John, he went about to every one he knew, and said, "Don't I look pale?" "Why no, I can't say you do," "Well, I feel used up enough to look so, I can tell you. I'm ashamed to say I've been horrid dissipated lately. I was at Government House night before last."

'You at Government House? "Met to be sure; is there anything strange in that, seeing that the family compact is gone, the Frederickton clique broke up, and 'sponsible government come? Yes, I was to Government House—was such an agreeable party; I believe I staid too late, and made too free at supper, for I had a headache next day. Sad dogs them officers of the—regiment; they are too gay for me. I dined there yesterday at my mess; a glorious day we had of it—free and easy—all gentlemen—no plaguy starch airs, stickin' themselves up for gentlemen, but real good fellers. I should have gone home arter mess, but there's no gettin' away from such good company. They wouldn't take no for an answer nothin' must serve them but I must go to Captain—'s room. "Fon huns," 'twas a charming night. "Jump upon him—whisky speeches, songs, and whiskey again, till I could hardly reach home. Fine fellows those of the—regiment, capital fellers; no nonsense about them; had their shell jackets on a stylish thing them shell jackets, and not so formal as full dress nother. What a nice feller Lord Peter Lane is; easy excited, a thimble full does it, but it makes him as sharp as a needle."

'Then he'd go on till he met another friend; he'd put on a deuced face, and say, "Don't I look pale?" "Well, I think you do; what's the matter?" and then he'd up and tell the whole story, till it got to be a by-word. Whenever any one sees a feller now a-doin' 'big, or a-talkin' big, they always say, "Don't I look pale?" as ready-made Figg said.'

'Now, Minister, I am not like Solomon, I've not been axed by mistake, I'm not talkin' of what I don't know; so don't be after, every one knows me; t'nt necessary for me, when I go among the toploftiest of the nation, to run about town the next day, sayin' to every man I meet, "Don't I look pale?"'

A Watchman of the Olden Time.

With scarcely breath to do common credit to her powers of scolding, she drew up at a watch-box, and addressed herself to the peaceful man within. "Why, watch, here! a pretty fellow! People pay rates, and—watch, watch! there's a dead woman; dead, I tell you, watch, pay rate, and are let to die, and—watch, watch, watch! And still she screamed, and at length clawed at and shook the modest wooden tenement which, in those happy but not distant days of England, sheltered England's civil guardians. The watchman was coiled up for unbroken repose. He had evidently settled the matter with himself, to sleep until called to breakfast by the tradesman who, at the corner post, spread his hospitable table for the early way-farers who loved saloop. Besides, the watchman was at least sixty-five years old. Twenty years he had been guardian of the public peace, and he knew, no one better, that on such a night even robbery would take a holiday, forgetting the cares and profits of business in comfort and blankets. With such assurance, the watchman had extinguished his hand with his hat, crossed his legs, and knotted his arms, with a predetermination that nothing short of an earthquake, or the saloop, should wake him. But then the watchman dreamt not of the vigor, the perseverance of the assailant, who still screamed at him, still shook his modest bedroom. At length, but slowly, did the watchman answer the summons. Like an awakening snake, he gradually uncoiled himself; and whilst the woman's tongue rang like a bell, he calmly pushed up his hat, and, opening his two small, swinish eyes, looked at the intruder, but saw her not. "How the time's past! Well, Master Grub," for the watchman thought only of the saloop merchant, "you may bring the stuff here. And this morning, I think, I'll take to it."

'This said, the speaker dashed forward his arms through his box so suddenly, so vigorously, that the woman screamed anew as she jumped aside. But the watchman had no such unmanly thought. No; all he contemplated was a hearty yawn, which, with his arms, legs, head, and shoulders, he took so sufficiently, that his watch-box reverberated like the cave of some carnivorous, full-gorged beast. "Well! after that I hope you are awake, and after that—"

night, man, to-night. She's on a door-step, there," and the woman pointed down the street. "I should like to know what we pay you watchmen for, if poor creatures are to drop dead with cold on the highway." The watchman lifted his lantern to the face of the speaker. It was a frank, lively, good-humored face, with about five-and-thirty years lightly laid upon it, and closing one eye, as if the act gave peculiar significance to what he said, observed, syllable by syllable, "Any more of your impudence, and—here he took an oath, solemnizing it with a smart blow of his stick upon the pavement, "and I'll lock you up." The woman asked something; but the words were lost, ground by the watchman's rattle which, with consummate excellence, the golden fruit of painful practice, he whirled about. As cricket answers cricket, the rattle found a response. Along the street the sound was caught up, prolonged, and carried forward; and small hye-laners gave it a wooden voice, a voice that cried to all the soundest streets, "Justice is awake!" And then lantern after lantern glimmered in the night; one lantern advanced with a sober, a considerate pace; another, with a sort of flutter; another, dancing like a jack-o'-lantern over the snow. And so, lantern after lantern, with watchmen behind them, came and clustered about the box.—*Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.*

Barbadoes.—We have received our papers from Bridgetown, Barbadoes, to the 8th of February, inclusive, being five days subsequent to the occurrence of the fearful and destructive fire which devastated the larger part of that town. The loss by this fire is nearly 800 houses, and the destruction of property, (of which but a trifling part was insured,) has been estimated at from one-and-a-half to two millions of dollars. The fire originated in the storehouse of Isaac Lobo, in Swan street, and was occasioned by the negligence of a mulattoress cook. In order to arrest the progress of the fire, the military from St. Ann's were ordered to town, and by blowing down the tottering walls, added materially to prevent a more fearful devastation. Marines and sailors from the various vessels of war in the port were also ordered for service with the same view. At last, after fifty-six of the demoniacal wretches who were engaged in the robbery of warehouses and residences during the fire, have been arrested and are now in prison. Fully one-fourth of the best part of the town has been destroyed,

THE JOURNAL.

Friday, March 31, 1845.

Proceedings of the County Court.

The Magistrates of New Hanover, at the last Term of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, laid the following taxes: County Tax—Real Estate—5 cts on the \$100
Poor " " 6 " " \$100
School " " 4 " " \$100
County " on the Poll 25 " " \$100
School " " 10 " " \$100

The Commissioners of Navigation and Pilotage for Cape Fear River and Bars, five in number, elected to serve for two years, are the following gentlemen:

William N. Peden, L. H. Marshall, Dr. Jno. D. Belamy, Owen Fennell, Miles Costin.
Charles W. Murphy was elected County Surveyor, to serve for the next four years.

The Appointing Commission in this District—Jas. J. McKay.

Although with the "Chronicle," we cannot say that we are specifically "authorized to state" that Gen. McKay will be the candidate of the Democratic party in this District, for a seat in the next Congress; yet we feel no hesitation in placing him before the people in such a character. So far as we have ascertained, and we have had an opportunity of learning the sentiments of the people in most of the counties in this district, there is but one opinion on the subject. Indeed, such is the perfect understanding with the party in this matter, and such is the unanimity of feeling that in most of the counties it has not been thought even necessary to hold meetings for the purpose of taking the sense of the people as to who would be their next Representative. The length of time which Gen. McKay has served the people of the 6th District—the ability which he has always displayed throughout the whole term of his service—the fidelity and perseverance with which he has discharged the duties of Representative, not only of his immediate constituents, but of the people of the Union, all point to him as a man pre-eminently qualified to fill, with honor to himself and advantage to his constituents, the high trust which has been so often before, and which will most assuredly again be conferred upon him. For years he has occupied the most responsible and at the same time the most laborious posts in the House of Representatives as Chairman of important committees, the last of them being that of Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means; and we mean no disparagement to the other distinguished members of the Delegation from North Carolina when we say that Gen. McKay, from talents, experience and habits of untiring industry, we had almost said, infinitely better qualified to discharge his onerous and responsible duties than any other member of that Delegation. But if our readers could only visit Washington City, the theatre of his labours, it is there that they would learn from his brother members of Congress, the value which the other great men of the Union place upon his services and his abilities. There is no man who stands higher. The reader of the debates in the House of Representatives cannot but be forcibly struck with the marked respect and attention with which every thing he says and does is treated. It is true there are others in that body perhaps more eloquent than Gen. McKay, but certainly none whose speeches are listened to with more respect; or whose opinion, when thrown into the scale with any proposition, will have more weight.

Thus far, we have spoken of Gen. McKay as the Representative of the people of this District, without advertent to his politics; but when our readers take into consideration that he is a sterling Democrat, that when elected he will lend his whole heart and soul to aid and assist Mr. Polk's administration in carrying out the great cardinal principles of the Democratic party, we feel assured that the majority which he will receive in August next, will be both gratifying to himself, and honorable to the party, whose leader he is. But it is perfectly unnecessary for us to say any thing about Gen. McKay. Every man and boy in the District is better acquainted with his talents and services than we can tell them. Gen. McKay will have opposition this time, Thos. D. Meares, a young lawyer of Wilmington. As Mr. Meares is a lawyer, and as lawyers are generally thought to be a tolerably *cute* sort of folks, we suppose he knows his own business best, but really it does seem to us that he has embarked on one of the most utopian projects that ever entered into the brain of man. Were we called on for an illustration of the expression "an uphill business," we would most assuredly point to the work which Mr. Meares has undertaken, in accepting the nomination of the Warsaw Convention. He cannot, of course, expect to be elected, and surely he is not vain enough to think that he will reap any laurels from a contest in which himself and Gen. McKay are to be the combatants. But with what he promises himself, we have nothing to do.

A few words, and we will close this article. The majority in this District is so great, and the voting so one sided, that our Democratic friends are apt to become rather apathetic. We would tell them, however, that the organization of the party under these circumstances, is just as necessary as if the contest was a close one. Why so it may be asked. Because, we would tell our readers that it is under just such circumstances that the enemy is most insidious and persevering. It is at those points where, from a conscious security in

our strength, we are slumbering at our posts that his most insidious and persevering attempts are always made; and it is at those points that he is most likely to make inroads upon us. We would, therefore, recommend our friends throughout the District, to be on the alert—to organize, so that in August next, they may be able to shew, by an increased majority, their grateful sense of the services which their distinguished Representative has always rendered them.

The "Chronicle," Ourselves, and the County Solicitorship again.

It is always with pain, that we bring before our readers, matters that are personal to ourselves. We know that those of them at a distance, care little about personal squabbles between ourselves and any other individual, and perhaps, they may think that in devoting a portion of the Journal, to such matters, we are committing a trespass upon their patience. Of this, we are aware, and it has, therefore, been our constant aim to avoid all such matters as far as in us lay; and to devote the columns of the Journal to the discussion of the principles at issue between the two great parties. Such, we repeat, has been our constant endeavor. We have been compelled, however reluctantly, occasionally to deviate from this course. Such is the case in the present number of the Journal.

We will endeavor to be as short and concise as possible in the explanation which we are about to make of how the matter stands between the "Chronicle" and ourselves. At the last term of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions for the county of New Hanover, a majority of the Justices were compelled to be present, in order to lay taxes, &c. Well, Mr. Ashe, the then incumbent of the office of Co. Attorney, notified their Worships in open Court, on Monday, of his intention on the next day, to resign into their hands this trust, and also suggested, that as there was a majority of their Worships present, no more fitting time could be selected for filling the vacancy. Accordingly, on Tuesday, after disposing of other County matters, a motion was made by some member of the Court, that the election of County Attorney should then be gone into, which motion was carried. At this juncture, H. L. Holmes Esqr., rose and brought before the Court the name of D. Fulton, as a candidate for that office; whereupon, Gen. McKee, whose peculiar smartness is proverbial in this community, got up, and with a species of modesty, peculiar to himself, undertook to instruct the (in the General's estimation) poor benighted Magistrates how they should behave themselves. Well, *mirabile dictu!* notwithstanding the Demosthenian bursts of indignant eloquence which the big General poured forth, and notwithstanding that the big Gen. told the Democratic Magistrates that their motives were impure, (how modest and gentlemanly in the big General!) still they, the Magistrates, elected David Fulton by a vote of 29 to 8. This is the statement, and this is the sum and substance of the offence committed by the Magistrates; by the Magistrates in electing D. Fulton, and by D. Fulton in having the impudence to accept the office to which he was elected. In the number of the "Chronicle" which appeared last week, the Editor of that paper took the Magistrates to task for exercising their rights as freemen, and as Justices. To that article, our readers are aware, that we replied as briefly as we could. The "Chronicle" and its behind-the-screen instigators were not content with the sweeping denunciation of week before last, for in that paper of Wednesday last, there are two Editorial articles; the first, we suppose, dedicated to the Justices; the second, to ourselves. In noticing these articles, we will make one or two preliminary remarks; and first, we would say that we feel assured that A. A. Brown is not the writer of either of them. They are Editorial in their true; but we feel convinced that the writer and the Editor of the "Chronicle" are two distinct personages. We would, therefore, say, that if such be the case, the writer may take to himself the remarks which we shall make, as well as A. A. Brown, the ostensible father of the Editorial; and we would further add, that we hold ourselves personally responsible for every word we may write in this article, both to the Editor of the "Chronicle" and to his abettors.

The first article is headed "The appointment of Solicitor," in the very first sentence of which there is a most palpable falsehood. The Editor of the Chronicle says that our appointment to the office has aroused a spirit of indignation among the people of both parties. Now this, as regards the Democratic party, every one knows to be false. We presume the Whigs would be indignant at any act which the Democratic party may perform, and which would not enure to the benefit of themselves. The Magistrates of New Hanover county were just as well acquainted with the whole circumstances of the case when they cast their votes for us as they are now, or as they can be. The whole of the article, however, is a tirade of low and ungentlemanly abuse poured out against the Magistracy of the county by the Editor of the Chronicle, and which has created no other feelings in their breasts than those of unmitigated contempt and indignation. And by whom? Why, by A. A. Brown and his underhand instigator. Don't you, the Magistracy of New Hanover, quail most awfully beneath the denunciations of that great personage, A. A. Brown? But Mr. A. A. Brown, or the writer of the article, as the case may be, says, not its true in so many words, that you have perjured yourselves. What do you think of that? We know what you think and feel. We know that the only feelings with which you can regard the miserable creature are those of scorn and contempt. We know you have sense and spirit enough to treat this matter in the proper way. But we suppose the Chronicle is only the mouth-piece of a petty clique in Wilmington, and we can tell this clique, if they are desirous to go on the Democratic party in this county to a war of the knife, they will, perhaps, find the contest to be rather a rough one. But the Chronicle says that "It is proper to say, and it is due to the gentlemen to notice the fact, that two of the Magistrates of the dominant party on the bench, Charles Henry, and James T. Miller, Esquires, did not vote for Mr. Fulton." Now we would never have enquired of either of these two gentlemen, whether they did or did not vote for us, but the former, Col. Miller, called at our office, and requested us to correct it so far as regards himself. He desires us to state that he did not vote at all, for this reason, that he is Chairman of the Court, and, as such, never votes in elections unless when there is a tie. Had there been a tie in the case in point, he desires us to say, that he would most certainly have voted for D. Fulton.

With regard to the second article of the Chronicle, we should most certainly have taken another mode of noticing it, but for the advice of friends who are better acquainted with A. A. Brown's character than we are. A. A. Brown is merely the stipendiary of a certain corporation in this place, and the Federal concern at the head of which he is ostensibly placed is merely the tool of that corporation, and in a great measure kept up by it. But the Editor of the Chronicle says that our professional associates consider us as an "interloper" amongst them. Will any of our professional associates endorse this? If they will, we will know then that we have gentlemen to deal with, and can act accordingly. That we have roamed about the country like a needy adventurer in search of spoils, is a gratuitous and base falsehood, whether A. A. Brown or the individual whom we suppose is the author of the assertion. We never attended a meeting during the whole campaign to which we were not invited by our fellow-citizens. What part we have taken in politics has sought us, and not we it. A few words in explanation of how we came to Wilmington, and we have done.

Some six or eight months ago we were living at Clinton, in Sampson county, pursuing our profession as a member of the bar, when we were solicited to come to this place and take charge of the Democratic Press. We hesitated long before we accepted the invitation, well knowing that in complying with it we were standing in our own light. Since we have been here we have been treated with kindness and respect by our political opponents with a few exceptions. This respectful treatment has been extended to us without any seeking on our part; and we can assure our Whig friends, that if the Chronicle has sounded the note of its withdrawal, we shall endeavor to hear it without being entirely overcast. With the closing remark that we will not again annoy ourselves or our readers with this matter through the columns of the Journal, and that we are perfectly willing to leave the whole affair in the hands of the reading community, unless, indeed, A. A. Brown or his secret instigator, are desirous of settling it some other way, we take leave of A. A. Brown.

In the "Chronicle" of last Wednesday, an article appears which purports to be a kind of a reply to the Communication of "A Magistrate," which had a place in the Journal of Friday last. I had thought that General McKee would have been ashamed of the ridiculous part which he played in the Court-House on Tuesday of Court week; but it seems not, from the flourish of the Editor of the "Chronicle," which doubtless was made with the knowledge and consent of General McKee.

Gen. McKee and the "Chronicle" may both rest assured that the gross and unwarranted attack which he made upon the Magistracy of New Hanover, still burns in their ears; but in a far different way to what the "Chronicle" thinks—or says he thinks. The Magistrates have treasured up every thing the General said on that occasion, and it will require a considerable lapse of time before they can forget the insult which he offered to them. It will be remembered, Gen. McKee, mark that!—As to what the "Chronicle" says about "all the family," I have nothing to do with it. But I presume if the family to which the pitiful allusion is made, did not think the "Chronicle" too small game, it would meet with a suitable reply at its hands. The people of New Hanover are no inattentive observers of the foul aspersions which the "Chronicle" has endeavored to cast upon their Magistrates; and they will act as becomes Democrats, by regarding in the most contemptuous manner, the man who has in so uncalculated and impudent manner assailed the dearest portion of their characters. If Mr. Brown would like to be made perfectly aware of the feelings of the community, he might easily learn them by calling on

A MAGISTRATE
At Long Creek.

President Polk—His Cabinet.

Well may North Carolina be proud of the distinguished positions occupied by her sons in the eyes of the Union. The pure one is here, but it has been left here

lofted, in a great measure, to others to cast it into shape, and set it prominently forward, to sparkle in the high places of the country. At one time it was her boast that she had nine native-born senators in Congress. Now she has the President—she had (until very recently) the President of the Senate—two foreign ministers, Messrs. King and Reicher; and five senators, to wit: Wm. H. Haywood, Jr., and Willie P. Mangum; William Allen, of Ohio; Thos. H. Benton, of Missouri; and Jesse Speight, of Mississippi. In addition to these, we may mention that Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, and Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, members of the late House, are both natives of the Old North. All Democrats, except Mr. Mangum, who started in the faith, but gave out in the midst of the race.

And well may North Carolinians feel proud of their President—for their President he is, as his admirable inaugural will prove. He was born upon the birth-spot of American independence, educated at our university, and imbued at the outset with those great republican doctrines which have made him what he is, and which are yet destined, in our opinion, to render him an instrument of honor and good to his country. His first steps augur well for him. He keeps his own secrets, displays no small share of prudence and discretion, and gives proofs, even now, of that independence and decision of character which distinguished so pre-eminently the hero of the Hermitage, and which so properly belongs to the chief magistrate of a great and free people. His cabinet is of a stamp to suit the whole country. There is no half-heartedness about these men—they are republicans all over, devoted to the country, and will, we doubt not, discharge their arduous duties to the satisfaction of both President and people.—*Ral. Standard.*

Standing Committees of the U. S. Senate.

In another column of to-day's Journal, our readers will find that the Senate, in its extra session, has appointed its standing committees. It is with pride, as a North Carolinian, that we see that our distinguished Senator, the Hon. W. H. Haywood, has been placed at the head of one of the most important committees—the Committee on Commerce. This is a high and deserved compliment to the abilities of Mr. Haywood, and through him to the people of North Carolina, whose representative on the floor of the Senate he is. All the appointments are such as will give the utmost satisfaction; but if there is one more appropriate than another, it is that of Mr. Haywood. We have had the honor of knowing Mr. Haywood for some time, & we know him to be a man whose powers of unwearied research, and whose capabilities for the investigation of statistical facts, (so necessary to the discharge of his duties as Chairman of the Committee of Commerce,) are not surpassed by any man in the Senate. Mr. Haywood is as yet a young member, and a young Senator; but we confidently predict, that before his term of office expires, he will (as he does indeed now) rank as one of the first men in that august body. The important and essential part which he played in bringing to a happy consummation, the great measure of Annexation, would alone give him a high place in the estimation of the people of the Union. His able and luminous speech, made in the Senate, when he introduced his compromise, did, perhaps, more to bring about harmony in the Democratic party than that of any other man in that body. May his health, which we know to be delicate, be long preserved to him, so that he may be enabled to perform the high duties to which his countrymen have called him.

Appointments by the President, With the advice and consent of the Senate.

Amongst a variety of appointments made by the present administration, and confirmed by the Senate in extra session, we find the following:

Gen. Armstrong, of Tennessee, to be Consul at Liverpool.

Alexander H. Everett, of Massachusetts, Commissioner to China.

William H. Polk, Tennessee, charge d'Affaires to Sardinia.

J. G. Jewett, of Maine, charge d'Affaires to Peru.

Among the nominations transmitted to the Senate, and still pending, it is understood, are those of

B. F. Butler, as Attorney for the Eastern District of New York.

B. G. Shields, of Alabama, as charge d'Affaires to Venezuela.

Prosper M. Wetmore, Navy Agent at New York.

Wm. Parmenter, Navy Agent, Boston.

John Davis, Surveyor of the port of Philadelphia.

Mr. Calhoun.

Mr. Calhoun passed through this town on his way to his home in South Carolina, on this day week. From the Richmond Enquirer of the 13th inst., we clip the following:

"Mr. Calhoun.—This distinguished gentleman reached Richmond yesterday's cars. He dined with some of his friends at the Exchange Hotel, and spent the evening with one of his acquaintances. He leaves the city to-day in the mid-day cars for his home in South Carolina.

"We are happy to see Mr. Calhoun in better health, with excellent spirits, and blessed with great equanimity of temper—and retiring with the most courteous feelings towards Mr. Polk and his administration. We rejoice to have met at the same table with Gen. Lamar, the Ex-Pres-

ident of Texas, who is on his way to that Republic—with the highest feelings towards the annexation of Texas. We can entertain little doubt, that as he comes into the Union under the auspices of the House of Representatives, and thus the Pandora's box will be closed forever."

From the Charleston Mercury of the 17th instant, we clip the following:

"Distinguished Arrivals.—Mr. Calhoun arrived here on Saturday morning, and spent the day in social intercourse with his friends. He declined the public occasion tendered him, but dined in a quiet way with the Members of the City Council and other gentlemen. He left in the cars yesterday for his home.

"Mr. McDuffie also arrived here on Saturday and left yesterday. He is very feeble and walks with difficulty, but we believe no worse in health than he has been through the winter.

"The Hon. Mirabeau B. Lamar, Ex-President of Texas, and Com. Moore, late of the Texan Navy, arrived yesterday in the Wilmington boat. The former left immediately for Savannah, the latter stops at the Charleston Hotel."

The Wilmington and Raleigh Rail Road.

Our readers will remember that a dispute has been pending for some time between the Rail Road Company and the Post-Master General—about the compensation which the Company ought to receive from the Department, for transferring the great mail. We present to our reader in another column, the opinion of the Company's legal adviser, the Hon. Wm. H. Haywood, which we find in the last "Chronicle." The gist of Mr. Haywood's opinion is, that the contract between the Department and the Company is not such a one as would be binding upon it to carry the Mail if it thinks proper not to do so; but at the same time, sufficiently so to prevent the Post-Master General from increasing the compensation as he would thereby be acting contrary to the spirit of the act of Congress, which prohibits him from increasing the pay, unless in case of increased services.

To the Wilmington and Raleigh Rail Road Company:

By the correspondence between the Wilmington and Raleigh Rail Road Company and the Post Office Department, it appears that, in the year 1843, the Company agreed to convey the U. S. Mail from Weldon to Charleston and from Charleston to Weldon, daily, at the certain price of \$75,000 per year. In communicating the resolution of the Directors, accepting the offer of that price, the President of the Company uses the following language: "Nothing has been said by the Directors, relative to the time to run in, believing that the mutual interest of the Government and the Company would influence you to give what is necessary, if in your power. Less than 30 hours it would be idle for us to undertake the passage. Indeed, we should have 32 to 33 hours, to insure any thing like certainty of connexion for the Mail, and for ourselves, for passengers." Although much was said, in subsequent letters, about the time in which the duty tips were to be performed and upon other details of the service, connected with the Mail Route, it may be assumed, (as I think the fact was,) that the time was never fixed and determined by the mutual agreement of both parties. Yet, the Rail Road Company continued to carry the Mail, and received payment therefor, at the rate of \$75,000 per year, until December, 1844, when by a resolution of the Directors, sanctioned by the Stockholders, and forwarded to the Post Master General, they surrendered the contract, as on 1st January, 1845, unless the Post Office Department would increase the price to be paid for the service. The Post Master General thereupon declined to comply with the demand for the increase of price, and accepted the surrender, by employing other contractors to convey the Mail upon another Route, and issued orders, accordingly, with notice to the Company. The Post Master General assigned as a reason for not increasing the price to be paid to the Wilmington and Raleigh Rail Road Company, that the said Company had become contractors for four years, and therefore, that he was forbidden to do so by Act of Congress, no matter what might be his opinion upon the inadequacy of the price already agreed upon—and that he need not cause an inquiry to be made, upon that point, inasmuch as he had no lawful right to increase the compensation—but, if the Company would resume the service, at the price originally agreed for he would direct the Mail to be restored.

To all this, the Company reply, that they desire nothing beyond a reasonable and adequate price—that they are willing and anxious to have that matter inquired into, by the Post Master General, himself, or by Agents of his appointment—that they know and admit the Post Master General is forbidden, by law, to make extra allowances to contractors, for carrying the Mail; over and beyond the stipulations in the contract. But they insist that the Wilmington and Raleigh Rail Road Company are not "contractors," because they say, 1st, that there was no valid and complete agreement between them and the Government for carrying the Mail—2d, that if there had been one, the same had been waived by altering the time and other material details—3d, that it had been surrendered and accepted; and therefore, they allege that their demand ought to be considered by the Department and disposed of, upon its merits, and that the Act of Congress does not forbid it.

A careful examination of the voluminous correspondence, has enabled me to ascertain the foregoing facts, and to consider the question which has been submitted to me, as a Counselor at Law, by the Company, and that is, whether the Company are contractors or not? And, upon such consideration, I am enabled to answer as follows:

If a suit were commenced, or threatened, against the Company, for refusing to perform the Mail service, alluded to, it is very certain that the Company need not resume it on account of any apprehension about the result. I confidently believe that such a suit could not be successfully prosecuted. My reasons for this opinion will not be assigned, herein, because the sequel will show that, in the view I have taken of the subject, it would be unnecessary. Whether the Company will resume and continue their service of the Government, at the price of \$75,000 per year, until the expiration of four years after 1845, or, therefore, a question to be determined by them, upon considerations, wholly distinct from any legal

obligation. These considerations do not belong to their Attorney and Counselor, but to the Board which require my assistance, in such matters.

The question of law, which disposes of my opinion on the matter, is one which arises upon the Act of Congress, forbidding the Post Master General to make extra allowances to contractors with his Department, and that question is this: Are the Company contractors in the view and meaning of the Act? Is the Act forbidding him to make the Company additional or extra allowance of price, to induce them to continue the service? These questions must be answered in the affirmative. The time, &c., it is true, were indefinite, but the "price, for four years," was fixed by the formal offer in 1844, and by its formal acceptance in writing, at that date. The surrender was made for and on account of the inadequate price, not singly for any other cause, nor mainly for any other. How could the Post Master General, then, claim exemption from the law if he should attempt to avoid the law's command to him, upon the pretext that the Company were not contractors—because he did not make the agreement more definite, in some other respects, though it was confessedly certain and fixed upon the identical point where, in his discretion was designed to be controlled by the Act of Congress, viz: the price? The statement of such a question answers it. Take it upon the other grounds, assumed by the Company, viz: that the terms of the agreement were altered, and whether these alterations were acquiesced in or not, the services have been continued by the Company since they were made, and, if the price were adequate, these alterations would not now be insisted upon, as a cause for surrender. Can the Post Master General, where he might wish to exert a discretion, in altering the pay of a contractor, contrary to the Act of Congress, change another detail of the contract, which does not increase the burden of his contractor, and then himself, assume that, by this change, he had annulled the agreement, and therefore, concluded that he may lawfully increase the pay, but allow the service to proceed with the very same changes, in those other details, which constituted the pretext for his nullification of the contract? This would be little more than acting upon a legal fiction, just long enough to admit of an abuse of his official discretion. Clearly, he cannot do that.

So of the surrender and acceptance. It would be worse than absurd to say that a contract, by being surrendered and accepted at a specific price, might be instantaneously or next day, renewed at a higher price; and yet, to maintain that, the Postmaster General, who accepted such a surrender, and then renewed the contract with the same contract at a higher price, did not in reality, make extra allowances. A direct violation of the law would be more than, but by no means a plain disregard of the laws intended to control his official discretion. Had the attention of the Company been directed to this subject, with a single reference to the powers of the Post Master General, they would no doubt, have perceived the correctness of these conclusions without my assistance. Where material alterations in the contract are made by the Post Master General, or where a contractor surrenders and the Post Master General accepts, or where the agreement, though certain as to the price he is to get, yet, in some of its other details, besides the price, is "left open," and the contractor refuses, on request, to make a perfect and definite contract, according to the requirement of the Post Master General—each or all of these cases I think the contractor may terminate his engagements at his own election. But unless the Post Master General imposes new burdens, such as will put the contractor to additional charges, or caput the Department is forbidden, by law, to make any extra allowances whatever.

In a word, therefore, I think the Company could not be coerced by law to proceed in further execution of the Mail service—though I do not believe the Post Master General is at liberty, as the law now stands, to increase the price agreed upon in 1843, for any thing that appears in the correspondence submitted to me. The Company, it would seem, have made a hard bargain, and they can be rid of it, if they choose to take advantage of their position. But, would not the Post Master General readily send proper persons to make an examination and to ascertain the fact whether the Government is not paying a very inadequate price for the services rendered? This favorable report would effectually vindicate the Company against the suspicion of endeavoring to extort more than a reasonable compensation. If that examination should result, as we suppose it would, in making it plain to the Department, that the price agreed upon in 1843, was inadequate, and that it was submitted to from a sincere desire to promote the public convenience, and in a greater or less degree, from the necessity of the Company, at the time, as well as a belief by the Company, that the contract might be altered, so as to enlarge the price, should the experiment prove to the Department that the price was too small for the service, the Post Master General, though he is forbidden to increase the allowance himself, might feel it to be his duty to present the case to Congress. In all that, however, I can neither advise you beforehand nor after. The suggestion is made for the purpose of bringing it into your present negotiations with the Post Master General; and because, after all that has been said in newspapers on this subject, I should, (as a North Carolinian,) feel it to see even the corporate bodies of the State exculpated from the charge of in ending to practice extravagance in their demands upon the National Government, for services of great interest and necessity.

Very respectfully,
[Signed] Wm. H. HAYWOOD, Jr.
Washington City, Jan. 27th, 1845.

We have just received a letter from Sampson county, stating that a new Post Office has been established at Spring Vale, Faisonville, in that county, and requesting us to call the attention of our readers to the fact. Letters and papers for that part of Sampson county, as a matter of course, will be directed to Spring Vale. Edw. Vail Esq., has been appointed Post Master. We should have noticed this matter in our last number but that we were so pressed that we overlooked it.

The Pennsylvania Senator.

From the Harrisburg Democratic Union, we learn that, after five balloting in the Pennsylvania Legislature, General SAMUEL CAMERON was chosen to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate, occasioned by the resignation of Mr. BUCHANAN, now Secretary of State. The Union sneers at it as an excellent appointment. For our own part, we had hoped to see the appointment conferred on the gifted Isaac

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Wilmington Market.			
WHOLESALE PRICES.—March 31, 1845.			
Bacon—Hams,	7	a	8
Middlings,	7	a	
Shoulders,	8½	a	
Western,	6	a	6
BREWER,	26	a	27
BUTTER,	15	a	13
BEER, bbl. mess,	6 00	a	8 00
prime,	4 50	a	5 50
CORN,	45	a	60
" Meal,	60	a	68
COFFEE,	2½	a	8
COTTON,	5	a	4½
CANDLES, tallow,	10	a	12
sperm.	38	a	33
FEATHERS,	30	a	35
FLOUR,	4 50	a	5 25
HAT, Northern, per 100 lbs.	70	a	75
IRON,	4 75	a	5 50
LARD,	7	a	8
Western,	6	a	00 7
LIME, Thomastown,	90	a	1 00
LUMBER—Steam mill,			
W. boards, plank & scant,			12 00
Quarter flooring,			11 00
Bill lumber extra prices.			
River Flooring boards,	10	a	11 00
wide,	8 00	a	
Scantling,	8 00	a	0 00
Timber,	5 00	a	6 50
MOLASSES,	27	a	30
MACKEREL, No 1 retail,	14	a	00 00
2,	02	a	00 00
3,	00	a	7 00
NAILS,	5	a	84
NAVAL STORES, soft, Turp.			2 40

lard, 3 price,			1 25
Tar,			1 00
Pitch,			1 00
Rosin No. 1,	1 50		1 00
" 2,	90		1 00
" 3,	35		40
Sp. Turp.	33		35
Oil, Sperm,			85
Flax, Ground,	70		80
Black eye,	55		60
Cow,	45		50
Pork,	10 00	12 00	
fresh	4 1		5
Rice,	2 50	3 00	
rough, uah			
SALT, Turks Island, bush	30		35
Liverpool, sack,			1 60
SOAP,	5		6
SHINGLES, country,	1 50	2 00	
contract,	3 50	4 00	
SPRITS, Northern Rum,	30		22
Gin,	30		28
Whiskey,	25		27
STEEL,	125		25
STAVES, W. O. Hhd. rough,	12 00	15 00	
dressed,			20 00

R. O. Hhd. rough,	8 00	a	10 00
dressed,	8 00	a	11 00
SUGAR, West India,	63	a	15
New Orleans,	63	a	6
leaf	10	a	18
TALLOW,	63	a	7 1/2
TORRACCO, leaf	4	a	
VARNISH,	20	a	22
WINEs. Madeira,	70	a	3 00
Port,			2 24
Malaga,	40	a	50

WILMINGTON MARKET—March 20th.

A slight rise in our rivers has been the means of bringing produce to market, for the last week, little more plentiful than for some weeks prior.

NAVAL STORES.—Nowwithstanding the slight rise of our rivers, Turpentine has advanced from \$2 25, at which rates we quoted last week, to \$2 40, for 1st quality, soft, and hard has been sold at \$1 35 per barrel. We hear that 7000 barrels were sold yesterday, at our quotations above. No change in Tar.

LUMBER.—Last sales Flooring boards, \$11 00, Wide boards and Scantling \$6, a good supply in market. Timber (fair supply) last sales \$5 a

\$6 50. R. O. hhd. Staves (scarce) \$10 a \$12 00.
 MOLASSES.—Sales of New Orleans at 27 cts,
 now held at 29 a 30 cts. in lots. Cuba, last quo-
 tations 25.
 CORN.—None afloat. Retail price from stores,
 50 cts per bushel.

NEW YORK MARKET, March 16

Turpentine, Wilmington, soft	\$3 00
" " North country	\$2 75
Tar,	1 50
Rice,	25 a 30
Cotton	4½ a 5 0

RATES OF FREIGHT HENCE TO NEW YORK.

Naval Stores, 30 a 35 cts. per barrel,
 Rice, 12½ cts. per hundred
 Cotton, \$1 per bale.
 Cotton goods and yarns, 50 cts. pr. bale.
 Tobacco, \$2 50 per hoghead.
 Lumber, \$6 a \$6 50 per m.

BANK RATES OF EXCHANGE, WILMINGTON.

Bank checks on Philadelphia,	pr. ct. ^{per} ann
" " New York,	pr. ct. ^{per} ann
" " Boston,	pr. ct. ^{per} ann

Rates of Exchange in New York.

Boston par	Savannah	5 a	5
Philadelphia	Mobile	2 a	2
Baltimore	New Orleans pm.	1 a	1
Washington	St. Louis	1½ a	2
Richmond,	Louisville	2	1
Raleigh	Cincinnati	4	1
Wilmington	Nashville	3 a	3
Charleston	Apalachicola	1	2
Augusta	Texas. Notes par	4 a	pr
Macon	Bills on London	5½ a	5½
Columbus	do. on France	\$5 45	

Arrivals and Departures of the MAILS.

Northern Mail is due daily at 12 m., and is cle-
 sed daily at 10 p. m.
Southern Mail is due daily at 8 a. and

closed daily at 12 m.
Smithville due daily at 9 a. m., and is closed daily at 12 m.
Fayetteville mail via. Clinton and Warsaw, due Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 12 m. and is closed same days at 10 p. m.
Fayetteville mail via. Prospect Hall, Elizabethtown, Westbrook's and Robinson's, due Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 9 a. m., and departs the same days at 10 a. m.
Taylor's Branch, Harrell's store, Black River Chapel, Moore Creek, and Long Creek, due every Thursday at 6 p. m. and departs every Friday at 6 a. m.
Onslow Court House, Sneed's Ferry, Stump Sound, and Tappan Sound, due every Monday at 4 p. m. and departs Friday at 6 a. m.

Molasses.
60 HHDS. superior quality St. Jago, now landing and for sale by
BARRY & BRYANT.
 March 14, 1845.

Cigars.
24 THOUSAND Cula Cigars, just received and for sale by
BARRY & BRYANT.
 March 14, 1845.

Molasses.
200 HHDS. new crop, just received and for sale by
BARRY & BRYANT.
 Fe'by 28, 1845. 24-ct

